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Emily

**SHE'S
BACK!**

...MISS
ME?



BETTER LIVING THROUGH IMPUDENCE

"Take that, odious spawn of the Evil Drax!"

by Catherine Clark

...Ahh, the dulcet tones of feminist editorializing. And what, you may very well ask, has Wonder Woman, that wasp-waisted creation of a bunch of guys whose high school fantasies included being "Dungeon Master" and whose social contact with women is generally by modem, got to do with feminism?

The answer is quite simple, really. Wonder Woman does not take any crap. Would you mess with someone whose magic lasso saps the will of any living creature? And even if that didn't work, those six-inch spike heels should put an end to any further debate. Face it. Some feminists might deplore her skimpy attire and luscious curves, but this gal's got all the forces of Aphrodite, Hera and the island of the Amazons working on her side (Remember the Amazons? They were so tough-ass Hercules himself had to *bargain* with them for the magic girdle instead of just taking it — the first panty raid and classicists like to make out that it was some huge deal...).

Wonder Woman stomped all over the tendrils of insecurity that had begun to infest my young mind at the advent of Barbie (It didn't seem to matter that she wasn't even Canadian.). As a brunette whose sturdy body in no way resembled the lissome form of the Malibu Queen, I

warmed to Wonder Woman's muscular frame and assertive swarthy. Imagine... "Wonder Woman meets Barbie: The Final Battle":

... "Listen, you tippy-toed fluff brain," she rasped, "How am I supposed to create a civilization of women based on the teachings of Hera if you keep telling them to settle for Ken and a pink Corvette?!"

"But, but," simpered Babs, smoothing the folds of her "Tennis Anyone?" minidress, "I teach them how to be pretty — how to make boys like them... You're... you're just vulgar."

"Vulgar, schmulgar, twinkle toes. Now get outta my sight or I'll introduce the Ken-meister to Cat Woman."

Too bad she didn't. It would have been bigger news than Donald and Ivana. So how can you not love Wonder Woman? (How can you not love the name alone?) How many times would I have liked to have been able to whip off my glasses, spin around a few times and suddenly have the power to control minds, deflect bullets and wow 'em with my statuesque beauty?!

Nope, *guérillères* weren't the sole invention of Monique Wittig. According to issue #72, Wonder Woman's job is to "create a civilization based on love... rather than power and conquest... Omens foretold that the Amazons had to send a repre-

sentative into the patriarch's world, to teach by example..."

Okay, it may sound like swill à la "Starhawk," but as credos go, it's not so bad. One of those Carl-Sagan-Enthusiasts-Chess-Club comic artists must've had an inkling that the world was a teensy bit unbalanced vis à vis sex rôles. Wonder Woman is supposed to be a descendant of Gaia (but hey, aren't we all?), born to thwart the evil machinations of Ares, the (male) war god. She is the patron saint of all of us who frequently find ourselves saying, "Hey! C'mere and say that, dog-breath!"

But as well as being a warrior, Wonder Woman tries to be a nurturer and teacher. Like most women, she's expected to be all things to all people. She's in a hostile world — the "patriarch's world" as she herself says. But she's six feet tall, can bend steel bars like cheezies and if all else fails, she has an invisible jet, too. She can handle it.

So the next time some representative of the progeny of Adam yells "Hey! You wearin' a bra?" at you from his jacked-up Camaro, remember Wonder Woman, emissary of the Amazons (who was wearing rebar lingerie long before Madonna), who watches over you and will ignite within you the spirit of puckish kickboxing.

RAPE CAMPS: WEAPON OF THE 90'S

by Catherine Clark

I think Jack Lemmon put it best in "Missing": "What kind of world is this?" he asked the sky. As I try to write about the Bosnian rape camps, I keep returning to that refrain. Lately, I've found myself averting my eyes from the world. I haven't picked up a paper in weeks. It's just too much for even the least empathic person to bear. Somalia. Iraq. And now this.

Rape. The concept alone is horrible enough. It's a possibility in every woman's life, since it happens several times a day in Canada. And now, as if that weren't enough, rape has become a systematic weapon of war in the ongoing ethnic rivalry in what was once Yugoslavia. Rape has always been a part of war, a way of subduing and demoralizing the women caught in the conflict. But now, rather than a symptom of war, rape has become a military institution and a recognized weapon against the Muslim women in Bosnia. The Serbian forces have described their sex-torture camps as an attempt to "insult them [Muslim women] and destroy their person," according to feminist writer Rosemary Brown.

Girls as young as six are being gang raped to death. What kind of world is this?!? What can I say that would ade-

quately convey what is going on over there? All I can think of is a long, howling scream of protest. *Twenty thousand* women, pre-pubescent to elderly. That would fill B.C. Place. Many of the girls and women die of injuries inflicted by the repeated assaults. Thousands of them also become pregnant, and are imprisoned until it is too late for them to seek abortions. (Remember *The Handmaid's Tale* ?) This is another aspect of the "ethnic cleansing" being carried out by the Serbian forces — to engender a new generation of racially "pure" babies, using the bodies of their female prisoners as breeding vessels. Just think about that term for a moment. "Ethnic cleansing." Whoa. There is an ugly tentacle of racism permeating the Bosnian sex-torture camps, and women's bodies are becoming the receptacles of hate and bigotry.

Some women are raped three or four times a day, often in front of their children, husbands or parents. One survivor described her experience thus: "They were all our neighbours, and they forced me from my house and took me to the house [of a neighbour] who had been shot and killed. And there were four young girls there, young wives and they led each one of them, one by one, into some room and there was nothing that they did not do to us. They

beat us, abused us, raped us. They did everything that they wanted."

Now get this. Relief workers and human rights activists in Bosnia contend that, for the most part, the rape victims are being ignored because Roman Catholic and Muslim clerics (who provide much of the spiritual and psychological counselling services in the area around Bosnia) are uncomfortable with the implications the rape camps have for their androcentric, conservative little view of the world. They are unable to offer any kind of solace because they are uncomfortable with the idea of rape.

I'm sure that six-year-old girl was pretty "uncomfortable" as her half-grown tissues were scraped and torn until she haemorrhaged and died.

The international community is still silent and inactive. The nationwide, systematic sexual torture of women is too clear a symbol of the misogyny that litters the world for the international community to want to address the issue. It runs too deep. It's too scary.

And for that very reason it is imperative that women speak out against this horror. Demand that Canada get involved and help close down the torture camps. Telephone the Prime Minister's office at (613) 992-4211 or send a fax to (613) 995-0101.

Nina Kadic of the Zagreb women's organization is collecting letters of support for the rape camp survivors. Please write a letter. It will be translated for the women and it will demonstrate to them that the women of the world know what is happening in Bosnia, and that they will not stop protesting until the sex torture camps are gone. Write care of: Nina Kadic

Women's Group "Tresnjevika"
4100 Zagreb, Croatia



"Japanese Canadian Women -Meiji Pioneers to Gosei"

by Karen Ballinger

When I started the research on this paper, I had two objectives: to learn what the lives of early Japanese pioneer women were like and to correct the racist assumptions that had been instilled in me by an educational system that talked almost exclusively about white pioneers. Even comparatively recent texts like the Japanese Canadian Centennial project *A Dream of Riches*, published in 1978, states that the first known Japanese man who came to B.C. in 1877, Mano Magano, says: "After crossing and re-crossing the ocean he finally settled and raised a family in Victoria." (emphasis mine). One is left with the idea that Magano settled, pioneered and raised a family all by himself.

I also had to think about my concern as a feminist writing about Japanese women when I am a *hakujin* and could be co-opting their voice. But I felt a need to do this research as I could find very little in any texts or even at the provincial archives. Japanese women fell through the cracks. There were texts on Japanese men who immigrated and there were more recent texts on immigrant women, but very little information that considered Japanese women pioneers.

I was fortunate enough to be able to read the works of Michiko Ayukawa, a graduate student in the history department, and issues of the *Japanese Canadian Citizens Association Bulletin*. Dr. E.P. Tsurumi gave me great encouragement and assistance with my research. I eventually had to go to the Special Collections at UBC to find some of the information I needed. So a great part of this

paper was assisted by an intricate network — from my friend who let me stay at her UBC apartment to Tsuneharu Gonnami, the librarian of the Japanese Collection of the Asian Library at UBC who gave me helpful suggestions.

Much to my delight, I discovered that Japanese women played a significant role in settling British Columbia. To ignore that role is to be a participant in the continued racism in this province. As a white woman I need to re-educate myself, to piece together the history of all women in this province, and indeed in this country. White Canadians have for too long simply accepted the history we were given in school as true.

In the provincial archives I found little evidence of individual Japanese women's immigration to Canada. They were lumped anonymously by monthly figures. For example, under occupation of Japanese for immigrants from February 11 to March 22, 1908, is listed occupations: Labourers 102, Fishermen 63, Wives 39. During the time of the Lemouix Agreement, women and children counted as nothing, that is, not as "workers" and so could freely come to join the men. In 1928, racist newspaper stories of the fears of being taken over by the "Asian hordes" started to appear. But the total number of Japanese immigrants was limited to 150 with only half to be wives. This was agreed upon by the Japanese government of the time.

Previous to this immigration, women were described in the Japanese Canadian Centennial Project as "less fortunate women who were brought over to serve in the brothels which existed (as early as 1890) in Victoria, Nelson, Cranbrook, and other

mining railroading towns." They are also described as "young, illiterate women from poverty-stricken families in Japan. They lived a caged existence and died without leaving any record of their lives." Yet clearly someone must have written something about these women. They must have graves, or some record of their bodies being sent back to Japan. I found only one mention in a file of 1907-8 of the Commissioner of Immigration — file 763419, B1148 which says "deport 124 women from houses of ill-fame" under the title "Deportation of Undesirable Japanese and Hindoo Women."

Once again I got valuable information from Ayukawa who writes of women who came as picture brides and were forced into a life of prostitution by pimps who used the picture bride system to obtain women. Once in Canada the women were unable to leave as they knew no English and were guarded closely.

In the meantime, the other pioneer Japanese women were arriving as picture brides and settling in a foreign country, where language, foods, religion and customs were totally strange and at the same time settling into a marriage with a probably complete stranger who had been in Canada for a considerable length of time. "They came to Canada at an average of 9.3 years after their husbands," says Rigenda Sumida in *The Japanese in B.C.*, in "times of prosperity." Their average age was 25.4 years compared to their husbands of 31.8 years. Audrey Kobayashi in her analysis of emigration from Kaideima, Japan (1885-1950), says that "emigration occurred

[from Kaideima] primarily to Vancouver, Canada, and involved more than 60 percent of the village households, who travelled there to engage temporarily in the labour that would help them to improve conditions of life back in the village and to make the transition from a pre-industrial to a modern society." Consequently, women would have little choice but to accept the necessity of immigration to Canada that came along with marriage arrangements.

Dekasegi (to go out to work) has been an accepted pattern for Japanese villages, and Kobayashi states that "it is significant that they [the children born abroad, or *nisei*] were regarded [by their families] as emigrants rather than as a first generation of Canadians, since it was generally expected that as part of the village population, they were only temporarily abroad." In Japanese tradition," says Kobayashi, "place of birth has no meaning in specifying a person's position. Only household affiliation is significant."

These probably unknown husbands, who were not usually first sons, had gone through a screening process through formal family marriage arrangements. But since the brides' families had no idea of the rough life they were sending their usually well-educated daughters to, it was not really a fair decision that was made on behalf of the women. Kobayashi says the cruelty was not in the *shashin kekkon* (photo marriage) but in uprooting the young woman from her community "to endure the prejudices of a hostile white community, and to bring up a family away from the familiarity of her native environment and the friends and family who would normally support

her through the first trials of marriage." I am sure that many of them would have returned home if they could, and a few did. Some even refused to get off the ships when they arrived in B.C. Those that stayed often faced a life of hardship that we can only imagine.

What the English population and later the Canadians would have really liked would have been to have the Japanese return totally to what they considered "their own country" (that is Japan) yet, in contradiction, they also desired cheap Asian labour for work in the canneries, lumber camps and orchards, and as domestic servants.

So there were the young picture brides arriving — expecting, as Mrs. Ueda Tome says, "a happy, peaceful easy life." They ended up with, as Ayukawa states, "very primitive conditions, much worse than even the poorest villages in Japan." Their new husbands expected their young wives to work hard outside as well as perform all the customary housewife duties. As well, many of the brides quickly became mothers and to read of Japanese women, as with many other pioneer women, delivering their babies by themselves, in isolated logging camps, is another shocking fact that struck home with me. I had pictured Japanese women settled in towns and villages.

In researching this part of our early Canadian history I discovered that much of what I learned in school is totally incorrect because of its omission of Japanese women's contribution. Japanese pioneer women had a significant role in the early settling of Canada, primarily on the West Coast, and we need, as feminists, to continue researching to re-discover more of our lost history.

The Emily Editorial Policy

The Emily consists of an autonomous editorial collective made up of two editors and contributing volunteers. All women at UVic are encouraged to contribute to The Emily.

Any Questions? Call us at 721-8353

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Going Through my Figure 8's

I'm sprawled on my love-seat,
in my illegal suite,
a text of Irish literature resting on my stomach.
My aunt has breast cancer, an eighty per cent
chance of survival. She's a nurse
and Mother is a teacher. The radio says
Canada is the seventh-best country in the world
for women. I reach for my breast searching
for a hardened node, smoothing around, I turn
to the other curve—

Figure 8's then, the ice I cut
as a girl, Knowing the pull of the circle
sliding round me, I switched blades
in the center, inside edge leads to outside edge,
I pushed into the next loop, then the next—

On the radio a Doctor says
Cow's milk causes allergies.
A treacherous murk drools
from puckered lips onto the floor.
I have accidentally defrosted
my refrigerator and on the radio
two million Somalians are dying
of starvation. Somehow I can only picture
sprained vegetables, sweaty cheese.

by Shannon Cooley



Segrath (2)

by Kimberley Cormack

The mountain mist thickened, climbing past Leaf's withers and making progress over the rough track all but impossible. Segrath opened her self to the night, hoping to catch some trace of Tarn's signature in the energy around her. There was power. But it wasn't Tarn's. It coiled and danced within itself, filling Segrath's othersight with prismatic flashes of colour. A benign sense of age and tempered passion flowed from it to her as the power rose. Echoes of the argument with Tarn, and her own angry departure afterward stilled.

Leaf trembled and stopped, planting himself firmly on ground neither could see. Ahead, a presence pulled at Segrath, seduced with warm pulses of sensual energy she didn't try to resist. She dismounted and left Leaf where he stood, wading slowly away through the haze. After a short distance grass and loose rocks gave way to smooth stone. Segrath barely noticed when it rose in a slight incline. The mist floated to somewhere above her head, cocooning her in a white blanket that leached all anxiety away.

Only when she stopped, the tantalizing pull disappearing, did Segrath real-

ize what she'd done, leave her mount to wander sightless along an unknown path. The mist thinned as her mind cleared, and she saw that she stood just inside the line of an immense circle inscribed into the stone. This was an old ritual site. At the circle's center a pit of fine white sand glowed faintly in the light of the rising moon, someone's addition to the cold rock they hadn't wanted to sit on.

The impression of immense age returned, as though something ineffably ancient turned its attention Segrath's way. She remembered her athame, the ritual blade tucked securely in her saddle-pack. Its absence did not matter.

She walked to the sand, realizing the grains were tiny quartz crystals before seating herself crosslegged on it. She centered and grounded, making herself conduit to the flow of power that rose through the sand. Visualized roots grew downwards from her swaying body to deep within the earth's core. Branches lifted to the sky. Female Earth energy that had caressed and led entered the roots in a flood to grip Segrath convulsively. From above coursed the Deity's male power, completing a balance.

Segrath felt herself measured and accepted. The

torrent slowed, collecting in viscous pools that warmed and held her from within. They prompted her upright to meet her unacknowledged love.

Segrath rose fluidly to her feet, every nerve afire. She looked up and raised her palms to Tarn who stood facing her with the same exultant expression. Their palms met and Segrath's questioning sense of expectation vanished. No barriers met her seeking gaze. All was swept aside by the overwhelming tide of the solstice and the circle's sentient purpose.

Tarn bowed her head. "Forgive my angry words," she said, "I say them in fear to frighten you away from me."

"Forgive my impatience," Segrath echoed, "I demanded too many answers too soon."

"I followed you," Tarn began, "The Mother is here, and the Hunter. They want us."

Her face glowed with inner light and the surprise she expressed.

Segrath smiled, "As we want each other?"

Their mutual assent radiated outward, spiralling into the dance of power already present as they embraced. Tarn's questing hands circled Segrath's buttocks firmly and she leaned

into her smaller partner's arms. Each opened to the other, inviting empathic rapport. Desire uncoiled in Segrath's belly as Tarn shared the heat of the attraction she'd tried to deny. They sank to the sand so Segrath lay half reclined over Tarn. Moving with her desire she lowered her face for a long open-mouth kiss.

They explored each other, sharing a sense of wonder and rightness while undoing laces and discarding clothing to expose pale skin. The Deitic power residing within each enhanced and sensitized touch and smell; the slightest brush of a fingertip brought shivers. Tarn inhaled the aroused woman-smell of her partner and followed the line of Segrath's ribcage with her tongue, exploring each line where the individual rib shaped the skin. Then her mouth moved higher, tongue teasing breasts so the nipples stood erect. Segrath arched and reached for Tarn, flattening her fingers on the other's back so she could feel multiple irregularities in the flesh. Crying out she turned Tarn over to reveal scars left long before by the cutting tip of a lash. Tarn tensed as Segrath kissed each scar, but made no move to escape. When she righted herself Segrath smiled with such tenderness that all tension melted.

They moved with increasing urgency against each other, straining until their hands found the need and assuaged it. Then, holding one another, they at last lay still but for the lazy motion of brushing sand away.

"Are we handfasted?" Segrath inquired impishly.

Tarn didn't need to say anything, just pulled Segrath closer so her head lay cradled between Tarn's breasts. No bond could be stronger than the one just formed.

"This circle. It was a site for the Great Rite wasn't it?" Segrath said quietly, "We were here at the right time and picked up the old passion."

Tarn nodded. "We performed no Great Rite I know of. Male and female in sexual union, or symbolic with the chalice and athame. We've no man, and no chalice or blade either. It just happened."

They slept and awoke at dawn still curled in each other's arms for warmth. A hundred yards downslope from the circle Leaf and Tarn's mare stood side by side, heads down, patiently waiting.

Segrath chuckled at the goose pimples rising on Tarn's arms in the cool autumn air.

"I think it's time to go."

Common Thing

After my roommate yelled "Oh my God", he ran away, flipping up his track pants.

He cleverly did not leave his face behind, just approximate height, and the image of his fucking nakedness imposed within the window frame.

Outside the puddles are layered with ice, a strange night to be exposed.

The cop was quick to say — This kind of thing is common, and you two can't make positive I.D. How about buying yourselves thick blinds from K-mart.

And he is gone too.

Now my roommate is standing in our fenced yard under the security light, bulbs newly replaced. She's swinging a nine-iron, long white arms flowing through the night, back and forth, back, forth.

I watch, waiting for her inside the doorway, locking, unlocking, the dead-bolt.

by Shannon Cooley

No means *no*. Not now means *no*. I have a boyfriend means *no*. No thanks means *no*. You're not my type means *no*. \$#@!!!! off means *no*. I'd rather be alone right now means *no*. Don't touch me means *no*. I really like you but... means *no*. Let's just go to sleep means *no*. I'm not sure means *no*. You've/I've been drinking means *no*. Silence means *no*.

DATE RAPE Not understanding *no*.



Canadian Federation of Students/Fédération canadienne des étudiants étudiantes



Date rape/Dating Violence Prevention Committee meets every Wednesday at 10:30 am in the SUB 137A. For more information please call 721-8353